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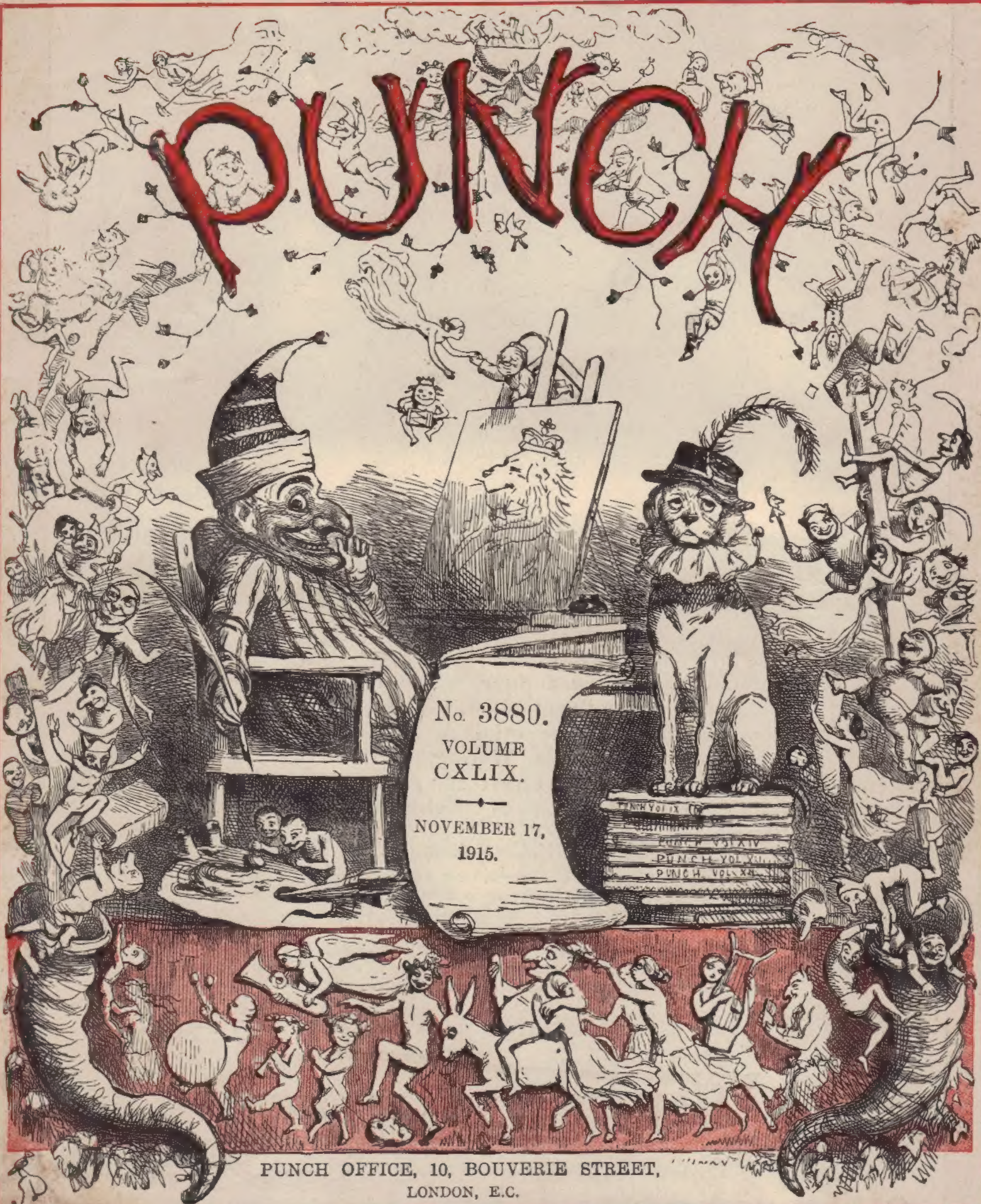
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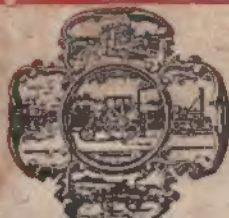
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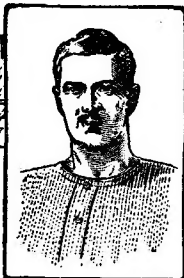
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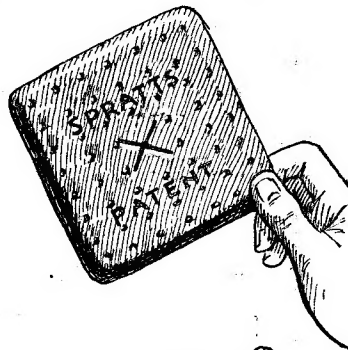


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In no circumstances whatever will the quality of any Wolsey Pure Wool garment be sacrificed in the smallest degree.

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Sold in garments and sizes for men, women and children. Every garment is guaranteed unshrinkable or replaced free. Look for the Trade Mark.

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Acceptable Xmas Gifts

are Robinson & Cleaver's Irish Linen Handkerchiefs. They are made from purest flax and give long and satisfactory wear. If purchased now—many of them may still be obtained at pre-war prices.

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No. 120 (as illus.). Ladies' Superfine Mull scalloped bordered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 11½ ins., per dozen 19 11.

No. 889 (as illus.). Ladies' Sheer Linen embroidered Handkerchiefs, One Corner Effect, measuring about 13 ins., per dozen 11/6.

No. 797 (as illus.). Ladies' Linen Cambrie embroidered Handkerchiefs, measuring about 13 ins., per dozen 12/9.

Khaki Handkerchiefs,
from 1/11½ per dozen.
Price List and Cuttings
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"The only Cocoa I can digest"

This is the verdict passed upon Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk by those who are unable to take cocoa in the ordinary form. It is made from refined cocoa and pure country milk by a special process, which makes it perfectly easy of digestion even by the most delicate.

Savory & Moore's Cocoa and Milk is highly nourishing and of delicious flavour. It is of great benefit to all who suffer from digestive weakness, and it is an excellent thing to take the last thing at night, as it brings quiet, refreshing sleep. It requires only hot water.

TESTIMONY

"I am very pleased with the Cocoa and Milk, especially as it is the first time I have ever been able to take or retain cocoa of any sort, however prepared."

"Cocoa is one of the beverages I cannot take without making me ill, but I have found yours agree with me so well that I am using it regularly every day."

Tins, 2/6 1/6 and 6d. (special midget tin), of all Chemists and Stores

SAMPLE FOR 3d. POST FREE

A Trial Tin of Cocoa and Milk will be sent, by return, post free, for 3d. Mention *Punch*, and address: Savory & Moore, Ltd., Chemists to The King, 143A New Bond Street, London.

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Isn't it a perfect box ?



Hit it with your fist, it's so strong you don't need a cigarette case, and so ingenious that the cigarettes never get stuck in the box. And *such* cigarettes! I can't beat them in Bond Street even if I paid a penny a cigarette. If you tear one open, you will see how beautifully it is made—all the long shreds of tobacco placed lengthwise just as they should be. The tobacco is a "regular find," perfect in flavour, exquisite in aroma. Try one.

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If your Tobacconist does not stock them send his name and address and 1/- in stamps for a sample box of 20, post free, to Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd., 6 Lord Nelson Street, Liverpool.

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△ THE DANGER SIGN and the || SAFETY SIGN ||

THAT red triangle warns you of danger. Every time you see it, remember that SAFETY lies in the Goodrich Five-Fold grip of the road-bed.

Fit Goodrich Safety Tread Tyres and you get a feeling of security. Also, you get greater mileage and fewer punctures.

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LET Patriotism be your reason for barring German Hock and Moselle—let Economy induce you to try "Big Tree" California Wines—and let your palate judge if it is not an advantage in quality to make "Big Tree" your choice.

"BIG TREE" HOCK & MOSELLE

are delightful and superior to the German products. Delicate wines of low alcoholic strength, fully matured, and brought to perfection in bottle.

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Per doz. Per 2 doz.
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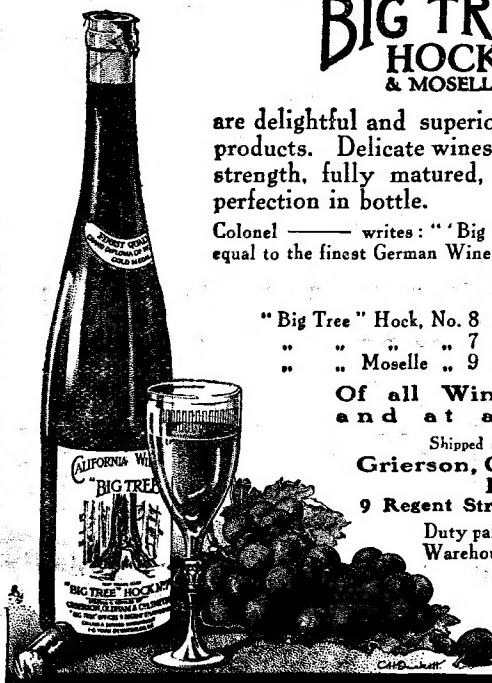
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'Toy Town'

'Neville was a Devil'

and

'Chalk Farm to Camberwell'

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CHARIVARIA.

AT the LORD MAYOR'S banquet, the FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY said that the whole strategy of the Allies is based on the Fleet. This will, we hope, dispel the notion, apparently current in certain quarters, that it ought to be based on Fleet Street.

In replying to the toast of the Services Mr. BALFOUR showed something less than his usual felicity of diction when he said that "in ordinary peace-times the Navy and Army are drunk as part of the ordinary routine of any public ceremony."

We read that the Bulgarians obtained much valuable booty in Nish, which, in a telegram of congratulation to its captor, KING FERDINAND described as "a general castle of treachery and lies." This is the first intimation we have had that the Bulgar was running short of those commodities.

A certain public department recently sent to headquarters the usual requisition form for office necessities. In reply came a circular emphasizing the need for economy, and a letter explaining that every article but one had been reduced by one-half. The exception was Red Tape, another proof of the indomitable persistency of "the thin red line."

The latest variant of the classical phrase runs: *Timeo Danaos et dona petentes*, and may be idiomatically rendered: "I am a little uneasy about very benevolent neutrality seeking a loan."

A sheep carrying in its shoulder a small fragment of shell realised five pounds six shillings at a charitable sale the other day; and oyster-sellers are contemplating a sympathetic rise in the price of their commodities.

After quoting Mr. ASQUITH'S words, "I am determined to win this war," *Der Tag* observes sarcastically, "These words will be immortal. They will cause his memory to live so long as the history of nations and of their wars remains on the records of time." For once *Der Tag* has probably deviated into accuracy.

By a strange mistake the establishment of a new glove industry in Newcastle is described as an outcome of the War. In reality we are just taking the gloves off.

To combat espionage the French Government has put up notices: "Don't Talk," "Be Discreet," "Enemies are Listening" in public places and vehicles. In the circumstances a contemporary's comment upon the internment of MUMM, the champagne-grower—that his name "was synonymous with everything French—except the four letters it contained"—was singularly inappropriate.

According to a Dutch paper the reprieve of Count HEMPTINNE, a Belgian nobleman sentenced to death by a German court-martial, was due to the fact that his relatives paid a ransom of two million francs. The

The New York World says that President WILSON never dared to press the *Lusitania* case "lest Germany should flatly decline to disavow it and reduce his noble diplomatic victory to kindling wood." This seems to us an unfair reflection on an excellent material. After all, kindling wood is often used to kindle something, especially when accompanied by a few scraps of note-paper.

All the romance is going out of life. At an American maternity hospital they take a print of the foot of every child within an hour of its birth, with the result that it is impossible for any of the infants thus treated to be "changed at nurse." If this sort of thing is allowed to go on a large number of deserving novelists and dramatists will find that they have been literally stamped out of existence.

One of our Ministers has a grievance against *The Observer*. He started to read an article headed: "The Great Churchill," and then found it was only a Life of the first Duke of MARLBOROUGH.

Delikatessen.

"Congratulations were offered to Lord De Ramsey on his safe return from Germany. His Lordship made a brief acknowledgment, and remarked: 'Roast goat and sour trout are not very good things to eat.'" *Peterborough and Hunts Standard*.

"Girl Wanted to take out daily little boy, aged 3." *Birmingham Daily Mail*.

In his daily mail-cart, we suppose.

"Mr. Lansing is trying to arrange with the British authorities with a view to publication of the Note on Morning morning."—*Scotsman*. And Sir EDWARD GREY, breaking into the Scottish vernacular, replied "I will do it the morn's morn."

Suggested War-song for those members of Volunteer Corps who want to go to the Front:—

"Tommy, make room for your Uncle."

"The farmers take a great pride in their hedges, which are fenced on the inside with two lines of wife to prevent the cattle from eating the foliage."—*Northern Echo*.

In imitation of the Germans' methods in Belgium.

"The Cabinet is being strongly pressed to invite one or more French generals to sit on the new General Staff."

Evening Times and Echo.

It is believed that the Cabinet itself effectively sat on the old one.



"WHY DON'T YOU OPEN THE WINDOW, GRANDFATHER, AND LET SOME OF THE SMOKE OUT?"

"NOT LIKELY! LOOK WHAT I'VE GOT TO PAY AN OUNCE FOR IT NOW."

Germans spared the hemp and kept the remainder.

Overheard in the "Eastern Counties" à propos of a recent air-raid: "They're in a terrible state at——. My Aunt's been under the kitchen table for a fortnight."

The darkened streets of London are said to be responsible for the abandonment of the annual show of the London Cage Bird Association, the oldest bird club in the United Kingdom. We ourselves have noted a decided disinclination on the part of old birds to be out late these nights.

Climatic conditions, we are told, prevented the King of BULGARIA from making a flight in the Zeppelin which arrived at Sofia the other day. Poor FERDINAND is a perfect martyr to cold feet.

WAR NOTES.

THE report, published in the evening Press of last Wednesday, that a meeting was being arranged between the Kings of Bulgaria, Greece and Rumania, at Bukarest still lacks official authority, though it has since been confirmed by the Panama correspondent of an Amsterdam paper, and by our own representative at Monte Carlo, the latter adding the further interesting statement that this conference of Balkan monarchs has been summoned by Lord KITCHENER.

The enthusiasm aroused by President WILSON's latest Note to Great Britain has distracted the attention of the American public from the case of Herr FAY and his accomplices. It is felt that, while any attempt on the part of these gentlemen to blow up American ships at the instigation of the German Foreign Office should be discouraged, the matter is one of minor importance as compared with the necessity of insisting that Great Britain should adopt the German ideal of the freedom of the seas.

In view of the familiar behaviour of its captain and crew, the opinion is widely held that the submarine which sank the *Ancona* was a German U-boat masquerading under the Austrian flag, and the Italian Government is gravely considering whether, now that Germany is at war with Italy, the friendly relations between these two countries can any longer be usefully maintained.

The advertisement given to *The Daily Telegraph* in the buckmasterful speech from the Woolsack (subsequently endorsed by Lord ROBERT CECIL) has given great satisfaction to the staff of that journal, who now sing every night a chantey beginning, "Buck, master, buck! On, STANLEY, on!" Unhappily this gratuitous *réclame* is said to have caused considerable umbrage in Carmelite House, and it is doubtful whether *The Daily Mail* will see its way to continue extending to the Government its whole-hearted support.

The rumour that Mr. ANNAN BRYCE, M.P., whose recent activities in the House at Question-time have been exceptional, has been invited to join the Serbian Headquarters Staff in an advisory (civilian) capacity is still unconfirmed, but in the meantime it has been well received in British Ministerial circles.

Our Plenipotentiary at Eleusis reports that an Iron Cross is about to be conferred upon KING CONSTANTINE by his Imperial brother-in-law. Following the precedent of his namesake, the EMPEROR CONSTANTINE, the inscription will run: *In hoc signo vinces*.

We have it from our representative in Stony Arabia that a special camel, of thoroughbred extraction, is now in training for the imminent entry of KAISER WILHELM into Baghdad.

Sir HERBERT TREE, in his lecture on "Humour in Tragedy" (reproduced in the current issue of *The English Review*), gives the following advice: "When the hour [of victory] strikes let the note be solemn. Let us have the humour to go forth to greet the Angel of Peace with anthems rather than with comic songs." It is not everybody who could be trusted to appreciate the subtlety of this facetious homily, but we feel confident that the Angel of Peace, whose keen sense of humour is notorious, will be vastly tickled by it.

O. S.

THE TELEPHONE AT THE FRONT.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—I have not yet received my second pip. I know fellows who were gazetted days after me who have two, while I remain, in spite of my peculiar qualifications, a mere Second Lieutenant. Clarence, for instance, has two, and he merely lets out mo-bikes. As for explaining how a telephone works to a red-hat, why, he wouldn't know which end to speak into; and I don't think he ever bumps into the Staff at all.

On the other hand, I suppose I know more about the ways of Staff Officers than they do themselves. Of course, that's my *métier*. You know the man at home who comes to the back door with a little black bag and a two days' beard, and says he's come to mend the telephone; and you say, "Oh, very well, I suppose it's all right; let him come in, but keep an eye on the spoons?" Well, that's me—out here.

I am the man who brings the telephone to the Staff. They all want it—the D.D.M.S., the A.P.M., the R.T.O.—all of them, and I have to take it to them and show them how it works.

The other day I built a telephone line out to Divisional Headquarters at —. On the terrace of the château was a Staff Officer in full bloom—all gold and crimson in the October sunshine. I saluted smartly.

"Good morning, Sir; I've brought you a telephone."

"By Jove," said the Staff Officer, "splendid. That's just what we want—what? I say, you know, can we talky-talky on it?"

"Yessir."

"I say, ripping; by Jove—what?"

"Where shall I put it, Sir?"

He showed me where he wanted it. I connected up the leads and rang up the Corps.

The Staff Officer was delighted.

"What a jolly little bell! And what's that little handle for?"

"That's to ring them up, Sir."

Going up to the instrument he worked the handle round in the wrong direction until he had unscrewed it. He turned to me pathetically, with the thing held up between his thumb and fore-finger.

"I say, I'm awfully sorry; have I broken it?"

I screwed the handle on again and showed him how to turn it. Half-an-hour later, when I left him, he was becoming quite proficient.

I am never technical with the Staff; they don't understand it. A week or so ago I took a 'phone into an office—the Director or Deputy-Director of something or other, at the moment I didn't notice what. He told me to put the telephone on his desk. After I had joined it up, I explained to him how to use it.

"This end," I said, "you put to your ear; the other end you speak into; and while you're speaking you must keep the spring there pressed down. And mind, you can't ring them up until you've put the receiver back here."

I also showed him how to ring the bell.

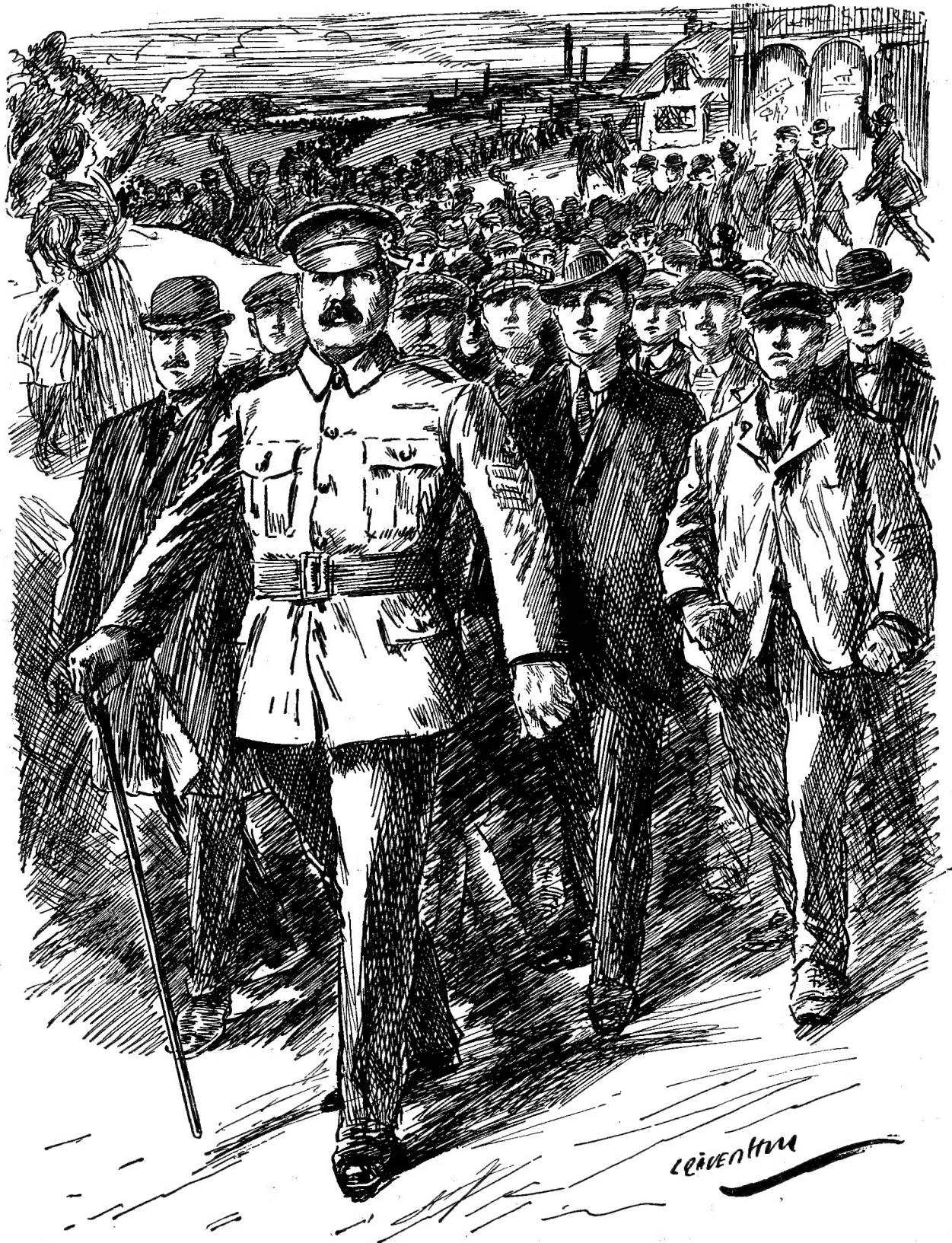
He seemed a little impatient. When I had finished he said, "Your excellent exposition in telephony has been invaluable to me. Good morning." But there was that in the tone of his voice that I did not understand, and as I went out of the office I glanced up at the little wooden notice-board above the door. On it were the letters D. A. S.

I have not told these things, Sir, to any but you.

I have the honour to be, Sir,

The Only Subaltern who has instructed the DIRECTOR OF ARMY SIGNALS in the use of the telephone.

P.S.—I am still awaiting a second pip.



DERBY'S DAY.

WITH MR. PUNCH'S COMPLIMENTS TO THE DIRECTOR OF RECRUITING.



DURING A ZEPPELIN RAID.

PREDICAMENT OF AN UNSTARRED MAN WHO HAS TAKEN THE FIRST AVAILABLE COVER.

ON BELLONA'S HEM.

CHIVALRY.

I was sitting by my friend, Private Dash, on the top of the motor-bus. Having enlisted at the beginning of the War, on the impulse, he has had his full share; but though he has been at the Front for some months and has been in many engagements he is so far unhurt. He was at home on short leave and riding on the bus-top rather for enjoyment and to see more of that strange foreign city, London (it was a fine day), than of necessity, for he is a landowner in the Shires, and he will have a good four-figure income to his name, even after the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has done his worst with it. He has his own reasons, into which I need not enter, for remaining a private. For a man of his temperament they are sound enough.

Well, we had not much more than established ourselves at Piccadilly Circus, going West, when an old lady on the seat in front of ours leaned back and spoke to my friend. She was one of those old ladies whose curves are all very soft. She had pretty grey hair and gold-rimmed glasses, and the voice

which, from its kind intonation, is usually called motherly. Turning half round she asked my friend what regiment he was in. He told her. And had he been wounded? No. But he had been in the trenches? Oh, yes. And he was going back? Directly almost.

And here the conductor came up with "All fares, please." We felt for our money, but the old lady interposed. "Young man," she said to the Squire of —, "I can't let you pay for yourself. I should like to pay for you. It's little enough one is able to do for our brave soldiers."

Poor Dash, he was embarrassed by her praise and for a second staggered by her action; but there was a fine light in his face as he thanked her and watched her extract his penny as well as her own from the old-fashioned purse in her reticule.

"There," she said, as she handed the two pennies to the conductor—"it would be a shame to let you pay that yourself."

These are the awkward moments. It was so comic and so beautiful; and I was glad when my friend, although we were far from our destination, stood up to descend.

On the pavement he spoke. "Another minute and I should have —"

"Laughed," I supplied.

"No, cried," said the hero of a year's campaign.

Our Acting Adjutant again.

"BATTALION ORDERS.

No. 8621, Pte. P. Jones with No. 9812, Pte. T. Smith and four mules will be attached to the Forty-seventh Brigade for rations and discipline."

Mules have not yet reported the result of the discipline.

"As an outcome of the war, a new globe industry has been started in Newcastle-on-Tyne."—*Staffordshire Sentinel*.

Just as an old *Globe* industry has been stopped (only temporarily, we hope) in London.

"Watch them as they perhaps feed piece after piece of metal into a machine with one hand, pull a lever with another, and push a third with a foot—all at a rate that makes one giddy to watch. As one of our guides would tell you, girls acquire soon a quickness and deftness and aptitude for this kind of work that few men can attain."—*Morning Paper*.

So few men have three hands, unfortunately.

CHANGING THE BOWLING.

It begins to look as if the supply of Greek Premiers is going to run out. They must be getting near the point when the wicket-keeper takes off his pads and goes on to bowl. All past and present news from the Balkans being now severely censored, any telegraphic information that we publish upon this topic will have to be of a prophetic character.

January 1st, 1916, Salonika.—A political crisis has been precipitated by the resignation of M. VENEZELOS and his Cabinet owing to a triumphant vote of confidence.

Later.—M. MICHELIDAKIS has consented to form a Government. It is believed that the crisis is already over as the new Premier, commanding a strong minority, should have no difficulty—except a numerical one—in meeting the Chamber. M. VENEZELOS has given an undertaking that he will support the new Cabinet for not less than two weeks. M. MICHELIDAKIS, who is a convinced pro-Montenegrinist with anti-Bessarabian sympathies, has stated publicly that, in his opinion, KING CONSTANTINE is the greatest living strategist. The policy of the new Premier is described as being one of Tender and Affectionate Neutrality towards the Entente Powers. There is no truth in the rumour that he contemplates conveying the benevolence of his neutrality from one side to the other. Athens is calm.

January 15th.—The crisis which followed the fall of the Government is regarded as being at an end. M. COUNDOURIOTIS, the new Premier, is very popular in Greece. His attitude is understood to be one of Malevolent Impartiality towards the Central Powers, and the idea that he will transfer his impartiality from one side to the other is scouted by the well-informed. Interviewed last night by an Italian journalist he is reported to have said that he regards KING CONSTANTINE as the finest of living Diplomats.

Later.—The list of Ministers with their portfolios is published, and reveals the striking fact that it contains the names of no fewer than four men who have never during the past year held the post of Premier. M. VENEZELOS has retired from public life.

February 3rd.—The defeat of the COUNDOURIOTIS Cabinet by 97 votes and its consequent resignation has caused little surprise. Parliament will be

immediately dissolved. Athens is bored. M. VENEZELOS has gone to Crete.

Later.—The KING has sent for M. RALLI, who has undertaken to form a Cabinet. The attitude of the new Premier is said to be one of Inert Cupidity toward all the belligerent Powers. He has long been known as a personal friend of KING CONSTANTINE, whom he has always held to be the greatest living Naval Commander. The Government can count on the active co-operation of M. VENEZELOS (who is returning from Crete). Athens is

join him as Ministers without portfolio. "The position of Greece as a strictly Continental Power," he points out in an open letter to his wife, "must ever make her chary of operations on the sea-board."

March 9th.—Following upon the remobilization of the Chamber, which was quietly effected during the adjournment of the Army, the THEOKITIS Cabinet fell without a division this afternoon. It just toppled over, while M. VENEZELOS (who has returned from Cyprus) was out at lunch. Athens remains unmoved.

Later.—The KING has sent for M. VENEZELOS.

Later still.—M. VENEZELOS, in an interview with an American reporter, has categorically stated that he considers KING CONSTANTINE the greatest Dodger in Europe.

Extremely late.—M. VENEZELOS has formed a Cabinet. He will meet the Chamber this afternoon.

Latest of All.—The scene in the Chamber to-night points to the final abandonment of Parliamentary government in Greece and the establishment of a Dictatorship. M. VENEZELOS, in an impassioned speech, has frankly stated that he finds it impossible to conduct the affairs of the nation, encumbered as he is with a majority in the House—a position so hopelessly at variance with all the best traditions of Greek government. Athens is quite indifferent. The attitude, which had been already foreshadowed, of the Dictatorship is stated to be one of the Strictest Pusillanimity.



E.A. MERROW

THE BROKEN MIRROR.

Paddy (who has had his periscope smashed by a bullet). "SURE, THERE'S SEVEN YEARS' BAD LUCK FOR THE POOR DIVIL THAT BROKE THAT, ANNYHOW."

getting used to it. The Army has been demobilized.

February 19th.—Owing to the political crisis the Army has been prorogued. The defeat of the RALLI Government by 168 votes was anticipated. M. VENEZELOS in his great speech on the constitutional situation explained that he considered that he had given this lot a very fair run. The KING has sent for M. THEOKITIS. M. VENEZELOS has gone to Cyprus.

Later.—The new Premier's attitude is officially stated to be one of Genial Inability. Parliament is to be instantly demobilized. M. THEOKITIS has ordered a new set of portfolios, the others being worn out by constant handling. In the meantime his colleagues will

An Accommodating Animal.

"GELDING, bay, 16 hands, good vanner or carter. Suit any tradesman. 10 guineas. A reasonable trial or warranty. The same bay Gelding, thick set, 8 years, 15 hands. Used to round, 16 guineas. The same bay Gelding, thick set, 16 hands, 6 years, 40 guineas."—*The West Sussex Gazette.*

Not content with announcing the fall of Nish, *The Evening News* has lost two more capitals on the same day, *vide infra* :—

"Mr. G. Tyrwhitt Drake, the mayor-elect of Maidstone, who lives at Cobtree, the manor farm of Dingley Dell, referred to in the 'ick-wick apers,' is the owner of one of the largest private collections of caged wild animals in England."

"No. 26 Owlstone Road, bath (h. and c.), gas, and bell, suitable for sidecar."

Cambridge Daily News.

Sidecar (to servant answering bell). "Bring me my driver."

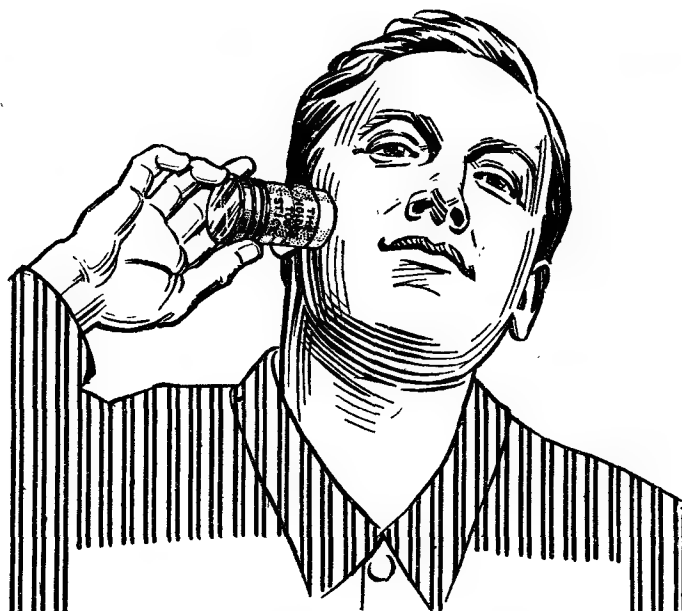


*Born 1820—
Still going strong.*

BELGIAN: "Your cheeriness and optimism, Monsieur, are most refreshing."

JOHNNIE WALKER: "Well, so long as one is true to one's standard one's friends are true to him."

JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD., SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, KILMARNOCK.



Fine Lather? Yes—Rather!

Nothing like Williams' Shaving Soap for giving a lather that makes shaving a luxury. And the convenient Holder-Top by which you hold the Shaving Stick completes your shaving comfort. You have the pleasant, soothing effect of the Williams lather, softening, creamy and abundant, and as firm and easy a grip on the stick during the last shave as at first.

Williams' Shaving Stick

The Best Shaving Soap in Five Forms

Williams' Shaving Stick, hinged cover, nickelled box.
Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick.
Williams' Shaving Powder, hinged cover, nickelled box.
Williams' Shaving Cream (in tubes).
Williams' Shaving Stick, leatherette box.

Generous sample of any one of above (with exception of the last mentioned) for 2d. in stamps.

THE J. B. WILLIAMS COMPANY

71 Southampton Row, London, W.C.



FOR THE FRONT.

Williams' Holder-Top Shaving Stick is the most convenient for the man on service. Neat, compact in nickelled case which won't rust. Holder-Top stands up anywhere and enables last available fraction of soap to be used.

← The Nickelled Container.

This shows
the neat →
Holder-Top.

Williams' Shaving preparations can be obtained
from Chemists and Hairdressers in all parts of
the world.

WHEN you want something
better—something to lift
you up—something to keep you
up, turn to

ROSS'S BELFAST Dry Ginger Ale

It is a really pleasant beverage in
which every constituent makes
for vigorous health.

It quenches thirst, and, in virtue of
the quickly available nutrients it
contains, charms away the feeling
of fatigue and gives stamina.

*It touches the harp of life
and will help you to perform
unusual muscular labour.*

Accordingly, it is a superb
refreshment for all who would
give of their best—give of their
best to the world to-day.

ROSS'S "ROYAL" GINGER ALE
—the old original Ross's Royal, with
the diamond-shaped label—is equally
delicious and is intended for those
who prefer a fuller flavoured beverage.

Try both and choose for yourself.

W. A. ROSS & SONS, LTD.,
SOLE MANUFACTORY, BELFAST.



"HELLO, BILL, WHAT'S GONE WRONG WITH YOUR TROUSERS?"

"THAT'S HOW I FOUND 'EM THIS MORNING. THE OLD GIRL I'M BILLETED WITH WANTED HER BOY TO HAVE A KHAKI ARMLET."

AFTER-CARE OF THE BLINDED SOLDIER.

Mr. Punch ventures to call the attention of his generous readers to the moving appeal contained in this letter:

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—Men who have been blinded in fighting for us, and who have been trained at St. Dunstan's, Regent's Park, in one of the many forms of industry taught there, are now starting again in life for themselves.

We who have been engaged in their training feel very strongly that our responsibilities should not end with the completion of this training. The blind home-worker has little chance of becoming a useful self-supporting member of the community if he is left to himself. The purchase of raw material, the maintenance of a satisfactory standard of excellence and the marketing of articles made represent, collectively, a task which is beyond his powers to accomplish satisfactorily.

So it has been arranged with the Council of the National Institute for the Blind that they shall establish a branch, the primary object of which

will be the after-care of these men. Its headquarters will be in London, and it will be under the management of Mr. THOMAS MARTIN, Superintendent of the School for the Blind at Swiss Cottage.

But very considerable funds will be needed to carry out this plan in a businesslike and satisfactory manner. I feel sure that there are many among your readers who will feel that, in spite of the numerous calls to which they have so generously responded of late, this is another to which they will readily respond. In doing so they will be showing the measure of their appreciation for the blinded soldiers who have so bravely taken up the burden which has been laid upon them and have fitted themselves to fight the battle of life as gallantly as they fought the battle of their country.

Contributions sent to me at the National Institute for the Blind, 226, Great Portland Street, W., should be made out to the After-care Branch of the Institute. Yours faithfully,

C. ARTHUR PEARSON,
Chairman Blinded Soldiers' and Sailors' Care Committee; President National Institute for the Blind.

"BEWARE OF IMITATIONS."

[Imitation eggs and butter and many other food-disguises have made their appearance in Germany.]

If your very patient nation
Does not raise an angry shout
At each nauseous imitation
Of the things it does without;
If it shows no wish to mutter
When you bid it do its best
To eat imitation butter
With an imitation zest;
If it feels no need to question
Whether Culture which ordained
Such a strain on its digestion
Is not similarly feigned;
If it really is contented
At its various dinner-hours
With the masquerade presented—
That is no affair of ours.

But one thing we have a voice in:
Be your skill however great,
There is one thing we rejoice in
Knowing you *can't* imitate:
When the struggle is concluded
And the sounds of battle cease,
Europe shall not be deluded
With an imitation Peace.

THE INGRATITUDE OF PRIVATE WILLOCKS.

SCENE.—*Behind the firing line somewhere near "Wipers." Various Tommies scattered about in picturesque attitudes.*

Enter Private Bert Willocks, late wounded, now returned to the front.

Chorus. "Ooray!" "Ere we are again!" "Our Bertie!" "Room for the wounded 'ero!" etc., etc.

Private Greens. An' w're 'ave you bin, eh?

Private Willocks (a trifle embarrassed). Oh, well, tell ye the truth, I bin down at the Countess's for a bit.

[Derisive and profane chorus.]

Private Greens (truculently). Wot Countess?

Private Willocks. Countess o' Sandown. Nice place down Sa'sbury way.

Private Greens (struggling to cram a patent tobacco cartridge into an undersized clay pipe). Wot was you doin' there?

Private Willocks (with an attempt at bravado). Wot would I be doin', Vegetable? Con-vale-escin'.

Private Greens (objectionably). Con-valescin', was you? Strike me pink, an' what had yer folks done, eh?

Private Mule (Company humourist). Oh, come orf it, Cabbage; you're be'ind the times, you are. Ain't you never 'eard o' our Bert's family, eh? Long-lost heir maskyradin' as a privit . . . romance of the trenches. Wot?

Private Willocks (uneasily). Cheese it, Moke. It wasn't none o' my doin'. (Darkly) They come for me—to th' orspital.

Private Greens. They must 'a' bin 'ard up. Wasn't there no orf'cers 'andy?

Private Mule. They thought as 'e was a orf'cer. W'en they sees 'is moustache they says—

Private Willocks (roused by sore subject). 'Ere, that'll do. Wot d'ye all want to start on a chap for? I can't 'elp 'avin' bin at a bloomin' Countess's, can I?

Corporal Jebb. Well, never mind about the Countess. 'Ow did ye find old Ginger an' the girls?

Private Willocks. Well, tell ye the truth, didn't 'appen t' see Ginger, some'ow.

Corporal Jebb, Privates Greens and Mule, ensemble. Wot!

Private Willocks. Well, wot abaht it, eh?

Private Greens. Nor yet the girls neither, I suppose?

Private Willocks (still trying to carry it off). Neither I did. Leastways—(gives way). Look 'ere, boys, don't be 'ard on a chap. I'll tell ye 'ow it was—strite. We was goin' along in the

motor (attempted interruption by Private Mule suppressed), bein' taken from th' orspital like, an' I looks up sudden like, an' there was Liza standin' on the pavement wavin' 'er and. "I, Bert," says she, "'arf a mo'." An' Lady Eva Blessingham, she was at the wheel, an' she turns an' says, "That an admirer o' yours?" an' I couldn't say nothin' for a 'alf-mile or so, seein' Liza sudden-like like that. An' at last I says, "Yes, Miss," says I, "that's a fair peach, that is—that's a bit o' all right;" an' next minute I could ha' bitten my tongue orf. "Oh, re-ally," says she like that, nice and agreeable. Rotten it was o' me givin' things away.

Private Greens (after a brief silence). Then I don't suppose ye saw Mrs. 'Ookey, neither?

Private Willocks (irritably). Course I didn't. I tell ye I saw none o' 'em. 'Ow could I see Mrs. 'Ookey, me bein' at Sa'sbury?

Private Greens. 'Ookey'll love yer. Wot abaht them messages 'e give yer? "You give 'er them words exact," sez 'e, "or I'll show yer whether I'm a sergeant or not."

Private Mule (with humorous intonation). And 'e will.

Corporal Jebb. Willix not bein' a married man, 'e don't understand them things. Wot's on at the 'alls anyway, Bert?

Private Willocks (gloomily). Didn't see no 'alls.

Corporal Jebb. My 'at! Pore beggar! Wot did ye do, then?

Private Mule. 'E goes out motorin' with Lady Eva, an' 'e says—

Private Willocks. You're askin' for trouble, you are. (Impressively) We 'ad Greeshyan dances.

[The derisive and profane chorus is repeated.]

Private Willocks. You can laugh if yer like. You don't know nothin'. Very pretty it was.

Corporal Jebb. Did the Countess do 'em, Bert?

Private Willocks. Not the Countess—she didn't. But the Lady Eva an' all 'er lot.

Private Greens. Rather see MAH-REE LLOYD meself. But there's no accountin'.

Private Willocks. An' there was a little kid come there. Only five she was. The 'Ighgate Wonder, they called 'er. She sang "Tipperary" dressed up in the Union Jack.

Corporal Jebb (shuddering slightly). Should ha' thought ye'd 'ave liked a change. Mule 'ere, 'e's about fed me up with "Tipperary." 'Adn't they nothin' new?

Private Willocks (reminiscently). There was garden parties. Tea an'

cikes. All very well for them as 'as the gift for it, but I didn't seem to catch on to it proper some'ow. Kept droppin' things abaht, I did.

Corporal Jebb. Did they do you well? *Private Willocks.* Top 'ole and don't you make no mistake abaht that. Wot with myonise an' cave-ier an—

Private Greens. 'Ere, stow it. We don't want that kind o' talk 'ere.

Private Willocks. All right, Cabbage; thought that might fetch yer. We 'ad music at the garden parties.

Private Greens. Wot kind o' music?

Private Willocks. 'Arps an'—an'—well, 'arps.

Private Mule. Jews' 'arps or Welsh 'arps, Bertie?

Private Willocks. You don't know nothin'. (With some lack of conviction) That was good music, that was.

Private Greens (moodily returning to the charge). But d'yer mean to say as yer didn't see no one at all? Wot a time! Wot did yer talk abaht?

Private Willocks. Oh, that was all right. They was thunderin' kind to talk to. There wasn't no manner o' difficulty there. Though o' course (a shade regretfully) it wasn't quite like bein' with our own lot.

Private Greens (with disagreeable emphasis). I should bloomin' well think not.

Corporal Jebb (reaching out for his mouth-organ). You there, it fair makes me sick to 'ear yer. 'Ere's these folks goes and puts themselves abaht to be kind to yer, doin' everything in 'uman power to give yer a good time, an' 'ere's you, an' wot do you do? Grouse, grouse, grouse for yer low 'aunts an' yer old vulgar 'abits. Yer make me tired. (He begins to play with much feeling "The Swanee River.")

Private Greens (for the first time with genuine enthusiasm). 'Ere's 'Ookey.

Private Willocks (nervously). Well, cheer-o, boys; I'll see you again.

[Exit.]

Corporal Jebb (pausing in his melody). Grouse, grouse, grouse! Low-minded, that's what I calls yer. Not but what there's some sense, Greens, in wot you was sayin'. But Willocks—'e's ungrateful.

More Pessimism.

"The Daily Mail's Bird's-Eye Map of the Front covers the whole of our advance near La Bassée. It measures 4 ft. by 2 ft. 4 ins."

On a proposal to hold a Sunday concert:—

"Mr. Sheehy said they would not like to turn Skibbereen into a Paris, where they don't recognise Sunday at all."

Cork County Eagle.

According to our latest information Skibbereen is still—Skibbereen.



Popular Actor. "I'VE MADE UP MY MIND TO JOIN THE ARMY. AFTER ALL ONE MUST REMEMBER THAT ONE IS ONLY A LUXURY."

RHYMES FOR ALL TIMES.

THE subjoined interesting letter, though it was addressed to us, was apparently intended for a contemporary in whose columns the question of ingenious rhymes has recently cropped up. But we make no apology for availing ourselves of the opportunity of appropriating so luminous and instructive a contribution:—

DEAR SIR,—When I was an undergraduate at Balliol, more years ago than I care to remember, JOWETT often expressed his dissatisfaction with the famous rhyme to Timbuctoo, which he considered much overrated, and one day, at a breakfast party, appealed to me to improve upon it. My effort, a genuine impromptu, ran as follows:—

"One day, while hunting near my villa
Upon the plains of Timbuctoo,
I shot a very stout gorilla,
I shot a very slim buck too."

JOWETT was delighted, and for days afterwards was found repeating my quatrain at the most incongruous times and in the most unsuitable places—even in chapel, so it was said. For a fuller account of the incident I may refer your readers to my *Dialogues with the Departed*, chap. xi., p. 534-9.

Stimulated by the correspondence in

your columns I have, after a long interval of abstention, been moved to try my hand once more at an exercise of ingenuity in which as a youth I gained some small repute, and venture to send you the results:—

"Italia boasts her SILVIO PELLICO,
England relies on gallant JELlicoe."

"Worse even than the Suvla Bay loss
Has been the fall of VENIZELOS."

"I'd rather be caged in a leonine den with
The brave prophet DANIEL than COURTNEY
OF PENWITH."

"Mr. GLADSTONE, who tried to talk Basque with
The Basques, paid a visit to Fasque with
His gifted disciple, young ASQUITH."

"Fasque," I need hardly remind your readers, was the seat of Mr. GLADSTONE's brother, Sir THOMAS GLADSTONE, of whom some characteristic anecdotes will be found in my *Conversations with Elder Statesmen*, vol. iii., p. 952.

I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,
LEMUEL LONGMIRE.

Megatherium Club.

"The booty captured at Nish up to the present amount to 42 guns, thousands of rifles, much ammunition, 700 railway mariages, and many automobiles."

Morning Paper.

A case of "marriage by capture" or "automatic coupling."

THE JEUNE PREMIER.

How oft, my queen, in quest of the romantic,

Ere war began we watched the Thespian art

Of Vivian Vere! How positively frantic
He drove you with his Fair-Young-Hero part!

While I—I found your taste a trifle rotten—

Was quite forgotten.

To-night, when once again in youthful garb he

Spread out his lures for us, they left you cold;

Your silence said, "Begone to good Lord DERBY;

Shirker, be off, and get yourself enrolled!"

It seemed your high regard for that young hero

Was down to zero.

You wronged him, fairest. Vivian would be willing,

No doubt, to quit his triumphs of the stage,

Could those who offer one the regal shilling

But overlook his most unmartial age: That lad, in whom erewhile you found a heaven,

Is fifty-seven!



Wife. "AVEN'T YOU BROUGHT ANY RELICS 'OME?"

Husband. "AIN'T I ENOUGH?"

TO PATRICK, AGED TWO.

WHEN Patrick howls, the moping
owls
Hoot weirdly, and the Banshee yowls;
Groans issue from the chimney cowls;
Sly Reynard murderously prowls
In search of unprotected fowls;
And masons strike and "down" their
trow'ls,
And ev'rybody frowns and scowls -
When Patrick howls.

Contrariwise, when Patrick smiles,
Sunshine prevails from Scotland's
Kyles
To Afric's White and Azure Niles;
Lame dogs, unhelped, leap over stiles;
Prospectors strike the richest illes;
At Question time Sir WILLIAM BYLES
No more the Opposition riles;
And BERNARD SHAW no more reviles
The overrated British Isles—
When Patrick smiles.

But, whensoever Patrick grins,
Cynics grow gay as harlequins;
Contentment reigns among the Finns;
Kind thoughts preoccupy the Djinns;
And busy barbers, shaving chins,
Deal gently with the tenderest skins.
No more the hardened sinner sins,
Or bullies kick their victims' shins;
Business is good with COUTTS'S, GLYN'S,
And all financial paladins;

Port mellows in secluded bins;
In fine the round world smoothly spins,
War seems a dream and Peace begins—
When Patrick grins.

FOR VALOUR.

[Austro-German soldiers are said to be compelled by their superior officers to swallow pills to induce courage.]

THE use of these pills to promote bravery is likely to be followed by the employment not only of rival specifics but of other contrivances for obtaining effects not easily produced in the military Teuton by ordinary encouragement. We give a few sample advertisements of such articles:—

COWARDS BECOME KINGS,
FUNKS BECOME FILBERTS,
by means of

DR. WILHELM'S PANIC PILLS FOR
PALEST PIP-SQUEAKS.

(Similar to those advertised in *Punch's Almanack*),

THE BEST COURAGE-PRODUCER ON THE MARKET.

A *Company Officer* writes:—Since I began giving your pills to my men I have not had to flog more than half-a-dozen a day for finching.

COOL-AS-CUCUMBER SOAP
MAKES THE SKIN IMPENETRABLE.
A little rubbed into the scalp prevents
the hair from standing on end.

BLUSHING (for one's country). Do you suffer from this painful malady? If so what you want is Mother Eagle's Soothing Syrup. A dose does wonders.

Herr Schmidt writes:—The *Lusitania* incident brought on a painful attack of blushing, but one or two spoonfuls of your remedy soon made me absolutely shameless.

GRIP NUTS.

Take them daily and your step will be springy and your nose high.

Crowds in Unter-den-Linden will break up to let you go by when you move with the Grip-Nuts swing. Civilians do not wait to be jostled; they are in the gutter before you can say *Eitel*.

SUBALTERNS OF THE GERMAN ARMY
secure INSTANT PROMOTION by eating
CAPTAIN'S BISCUITS.

The biscuit for the purpose. Produces such complete confidence in the field that your superiors give you your third star while you wait.

HOHENZOLLERN'S POTATO
PORRIDGE.

MAKES YOU CONTENT WITH ANYTHING.
TRY IT!

German readers should beware of FRENCH'S British Expeditionary Force, which is a highly dangerous preparation.

Potato PorrIDGE is what you want (and what you will get). Eat it.



A MATTER OF ROUTINE.

PRESIDENT WILSON. "THIS CALLS FOR A NOTE.—MR. SECRETARY, JUST BRING ME IN A COPY OF OUR No. 1 NOTE TO GERMANY—'HUMANITY' SERIES."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.)

House of Lords, Monday, November 8th.—At time of national crisis the Commons dally in prolongation of week-end holiday. Noble Lords, heedless of personal convenience, assemble to discuss affairs.

"Reminds me," said MEMBER FOR SARK, looking on scene from Commons' Gallery below Bar, "of pretty story of troubadour's lady-love:—

'Sadly she thought of him
Whilst others slept.'

Whilst we of the Commons make holiday here are the Lords, sadly thinking of their country, gathered together to save it. A little unkind of LANS-DOWNE, after sitting through three hours of the talk, to remark, 'There has probably never been a more discursive debate.'

JEREMIAH, first Earl of LORE-BURN, led off with chapter of Lamentations. Looked back on story of fifteen months of war and, behold! it was very bad. A Cabinet three years ago deprived of priceless counsel and companionship had blindly blundered along.

Speaking later, COURTNEY mingled his tears with JEREMIAH'S. "Whether," he moaned, "we look at home or abroad, our old civilisation, which we had built up through long generations, is almost destroyed."

In vigorous speech MILNER brought debate to bear upon actualities of the hour, with special reference to situation in the Balkans. Admitted he trod on unsafe ground. Murmur of sympathy ran over benches when he alluded to himself as one "who called a spade a spade with a rope round his neck."

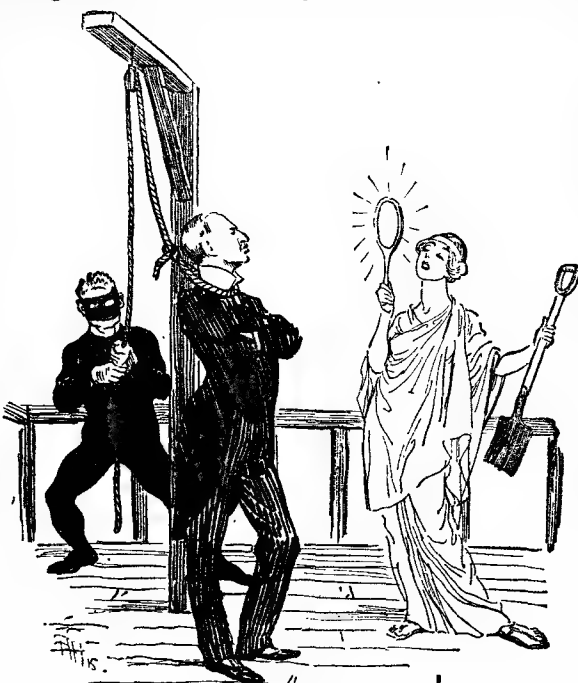
Useful purpose of debate at length appeared in sharp commentary on organised custom whereby, as MILNER, fearless of the rope round his neck, bluntly put it, "such war news as is published has from first to last been seriously misleading." Such as it is, it is withheld from the public till after interval of time that makes it ancient history.

CURZON replied to this and other criticisms. Hinted at possibility of promptly publishing accounts of engagements without going into details useful to the enemy. After two or three weeks, might be supplemented with names and details.

A clumsy device, but anything better than the present grotesque, unavailing, ostrich-like system.

Business done.—Talked for three hours round the War. No Resolution being submitted, got home in time for dinner.

House of Commons, Tuesday.—House heard with profound satisfaction statement made by H. W. FORSTER on behalf of War Office with respect to woeful waste of food in Training Camps throughout the country. Cheery prospect of being mulet to extent of one-half his income does not chill taxpayers' resolve to carry on the War to its appointed end. He sees with concern, but without approach to downheartedness, the daily cost mounting up from three millions a-day to five millions.



THOUGH ON UNSAFE GROUND, LORD MILNER BOLDLY CALLS A SPADE A SPADE.

He will pay to the uttermost farthing. But, with national business instinct, he wants full return for his money.

To hear or read of wholesale wanton waste of good and costly food, the result of lack of system and plan of administration almost incredible in its unintelligence, rouses just anger. No complaint is made of wastage at the Front, where it is inevitable. It is in the Home Camps, where no such excuse or extenuation exists, that a scandal prevails which invites speculation.

According to FORSTER the War Office, waking up at end of fifteen months, has resolved to deal with the matter.

"A complete organisation is now in existence," he said, "with result that the messing has been improved, economy has been effected and waste reduced."

At Question time little bout between ex-Colonel LYNCH, late of South Africa, and PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY TO

ADMIRALTY, who daily answers questions for his absent chief. MACNAMARA declined an invitation extended by Member for West Clare to discuss details of defences of London against Zeppelin attacks.

"Does the answer of the Right Hon. Gentleman," persisted LYNCH in one of those Supplementary Questions that are responsible for much ill-feeling, "show his inability to reply, or does it really mask gross incompetence in his department?"

"The answer means what it says," was MACNAMARA'S sharp response.

Business done.—Remaining clauses of original Finance Bill passed through Committee.

Wednesday.—A full House to hear the PREMIER'S speech on moving new Vote of Credit, the fifth since War began. Lord COURTNEY, wearing the white waistcoat of a blameless life, looked on, sole occupant of the Peers' Gallery.

In speech of less than an hour's duration PREMIER stated that total Votes of Credit amounted to hitherto unheard-of sum of £1,662,000,000. New one would carry us on till the middle of February, that is if current expenditure of five millions a day is not exceeded. Only cheerful note in this portion of speech occurred when he expressed hope that the sum would suffice.

Later there was another gleam when he declared his conviction that "the fine spirit and resources of the Allies will bring the War to a triumphant conclusion."

Business done.—New Vote of Credit for £400,000,000. Sitting came to abrupt conclusion with adjournment of the House at a quarter-past ten, by way of rebuke to PREMIER and his colleagues in the Cabinet absent from Treasury Bench throughout debate.

"As far as can be ascertained the intention of the Federal Government is to float a loan of only £500,000,000 before Christmas. The other instalments will be left until next year. This will make much less disturbance in financial circles than the £20,000,000 loan."

Albury Banner (New South Wales).

Mr. McKENNA is now contemplating emigration.

"It is announced that an American conference at New York unanimously decided to recognise the German Government in Mexico."

Egyptian Gazette.

Judging by what we have read of Mexico in recent years the confusion is pardonable.



CONFLICTING VIEWS OF THE PRESENT PERSONAL APPEARANCE OF WILHELM II.

THE ECONOMISTS.

HAPPENING to mention at lunch that I had just come from the International Society's Exhibition and liked a picture of three women "mid nodings on," I was eagerly asked whom it was by. (They said "who.")

"I don't know," I answered.

"Well, the catalogue told you, didn't it?" my hostess remarked.

"I didn't have a catalogue," I had to confess.

"Didn't have a catalogue!" "How quaint!" "How extraordinary!" It was generally agreed that not to have a catalogue was one of the oddest things.

"Then you don't know who painted any of the pictures?"

"Oh yes, I do," I said. "I know some."

"How?"

"Well, some artists have the decency to sign their names. Their names in full and clearly, I mean; not just a scribble or N, like the man who painted the jolly Indian bull. And then for the others I have two ways. Either I go to the desk, give the number and inquire the price, or I look over the shoulders of people who have bought a catalogue."

"Don't they object?"

"I don't do it so crudely as that," I explained.

"But why don't you buy a catalogue?" some one else asked.

"I can't do it," I said; "I can't bring myself to do it. It's an expense I shrink from, and I can't overcome the shrinking. I can go to a picture-gallery in a taxi, pay to enter, and leave in a taxi, and yet be unable to put down the shilling or even sixpence that the catalogue costs. I could even buy a picture, but I can't buy a catalogue. It's a sign of madness, no doubt. But there is a mild madness in our family."

"Everyone has a blind spot of that kind," said another of the company, and then we got to work on our pet economies.

One man could not take a taxi beyond one-and-fourpence. No matter where he was he had to get out there and then either walk or take a bus.

Another, a lady, could not buy flowers. It seemed to her so monstrous, such an outrage, that flowers should be charged for. They ought to be given away. They just grew and grew beautifully out of

God's earth (you know this type?), and for money to pass and profit to be made was horrible. Horrible.

We all agreed.

Here a man interposed, saying if we felt like that about flowers, what about weeds? Eh, what? For his part he struck at paying more than three-pence each for a cigar so long as the War lasted. He used to smoke Havanas, but now he didn't mind what it was so long as it had the outward semblance of a cigar.

And so we went on until, after a particularly precious avowal of pet economy on the part of a lady in neutral-tinted butter muslin (or something very like it), we all had a rude shock.

"I quite understand that feeling," said a young man in khaki who was at home for just a week. "I have exactly the same abhorrence of buying large quantities of radium. Two or three pounds' weight is as much as I can force myself to get at a time. Very absurd, of course, because a cellarful would be much more economical."

That was the end of it. This, as always ruins serious discussion with his ill-timed jokes.

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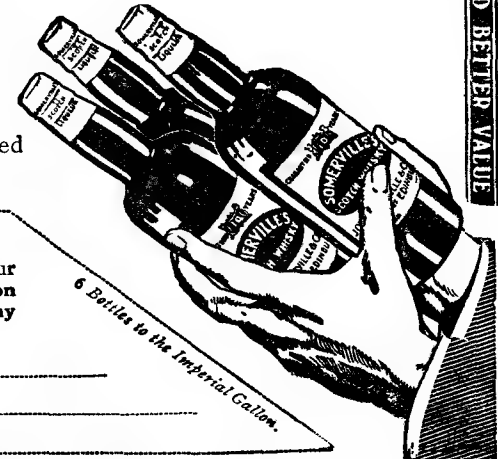
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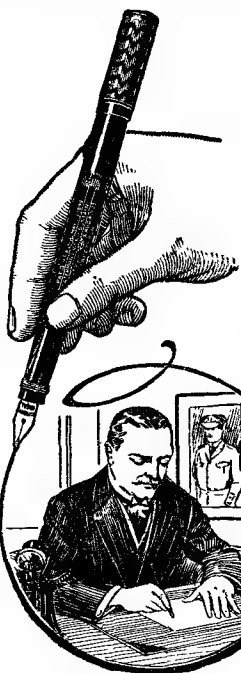
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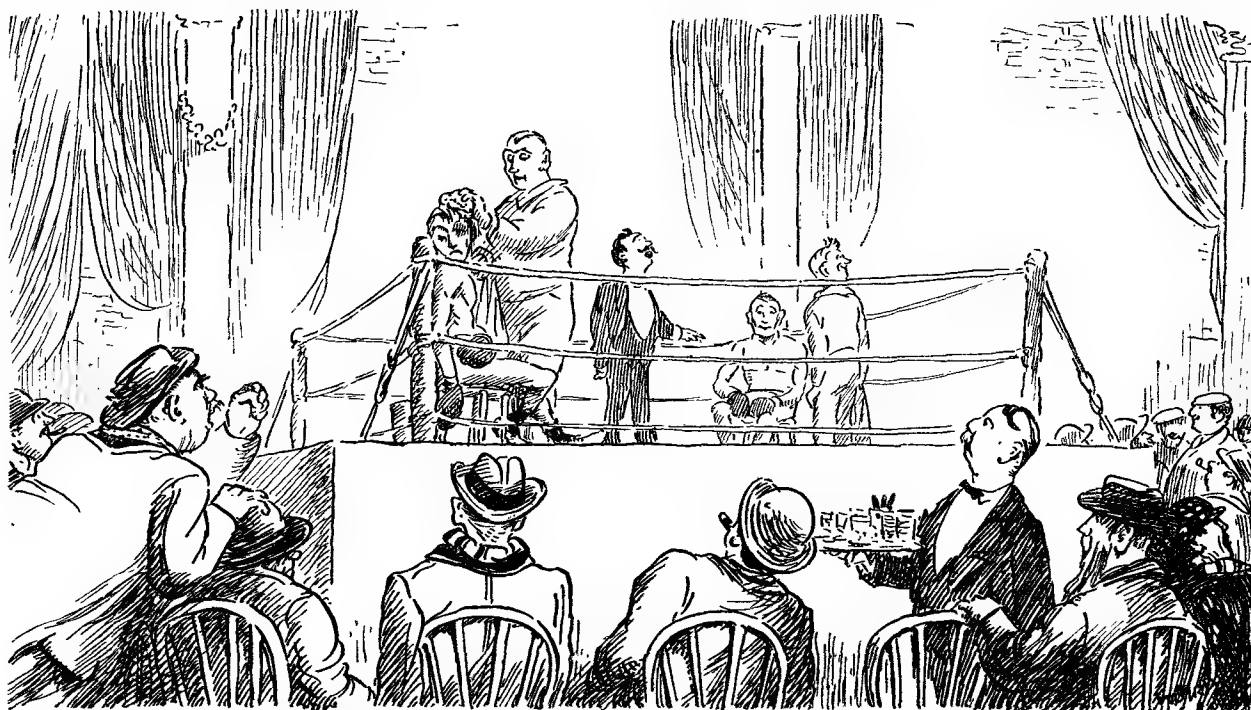


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Sportsman (to the man he has backed, who has been receiving all the punishment). "WHY AREN'T YOU AT THE FRONT? SLACKER!"

FAMILY TIES.

(On the way to the "Plough and Horses.")

"WELL, Tom, ol' son, these be strange days when a father bain't at liberty to ask 'is son to 'ave a glass wi' 'm over 'is safe return, wi' no more 'n a wound as is nearly 'ealed."

"Wouldn't matter so much if a father could accept a glass 'long of 'is son 'oo 'alf 'is time never thought t' see 'is ol' mug no more."

"An' I guess y'r pockets be warmly lined?"

"We ain't 'ad much time, some'ow, for shopping over there."

"Well, may's well 'ave a drink—wishes'll be the same 'oever pays. But it don't seem so 'omely like, an' not the sort o' thing to keep a family together, same's I've been used to see 'em kep'."

"If I was to pay you so much extry for m' grub at 'ome—weeks I'm 'ome—'ow would that be? An' leave you to settle 'ere."

"'Tis pretty plain as you 'aven't been used to English ways o' late. Things can't be run like that—not now. Each man 'e's got to 'and out the money for the beer 'e drinks. That be law."

"Then if I adds to m' board Saturday night what you drinks to-night, 'oo's to stop me doing that?"

"You 'd better make it a penny more or less—something to set 'em off the scent if they gets nosing round."

"I'll make it sixpence more for luck an' because o' the times. I never thought to see y'r ol' mug no more."

"Sixpence'll fair baffle 'em, I should say. Let's go in an' 'ave a drink over y'r safe return."

* * * * *

"A quart for me—that be sixpence, an' a quart for you—that doubles it—a bob. Then that 'ere sixpence as you threw in for luck makes eighteenpence. Doing it that way I don't see 'ow Government can ever get wind o' it—nor I don't. You 'and the eighteenpence to me Saturday night same time you 'ands y'r mother y'r board money, an' I shan't be one to split on you, neither!"

"I see you be the same ol' grab-all as ever; war ain't changed you at all. I said as I'd pay for you, but I've paid for myself already, ain't I now?"

"You paid landlord; that's very like——"

"Didn't you see me doing of it?"

"I saw you doing of it; I don't mind owning to that."

"Well, then!"

"But surelye you ain't going to say as you grudge me the money for beer as was drunk to y'r own good-'ealth? Your paying landlord ain't doing me a favour, is it now?"

"Paying twice over, though, would be once too often for me."

"Then yours ain't the large-'earted spirit of 'elpfulness as our good King 'ave enjoined on us in fighting times?"

You wi' the chance o' earning a pot o' money an' next to nought to spend it on, an' y'r poor ol' father wi' nothing but a penny on this an' twopence on that to cheer 'im on 'is way."

"I see you be the same as ever—the one to talk a man up an' down till 'e be ready to gi'e you ought as 'll shut y'r mouth for you. If I agrees to pay eighteenpence on Saturday for this night's well-wishing, will that satisfy y'r avaricious ol' soul?"

"That'll be more in keeping wi' the way I've always 'eld a family should be kep' together. Families did ought to go 'and-in-'and, not so much o' 'this be mine an' t'other 'issen."

"That be a thought o' mine, come along in m' blood, belike, as I got from you. I'll gi'e the eighteenpence to Mother, come Saturday, long o' m' board-money, an' between you an' me all'll be settled an' done with comfortable."

"You gi'e it to me, Tom; if your mother gets 'old of it she'll stick to it like glue, she will. Fat lot o' good 'twill be to me!"

"But I 'ave your thoughts so wrought into me I can't get away from what flesh an' blood 'ave meted out. Families didn't ought to 'ave so much o' 'this be mine an' t'other 'issen' about 'em. All comes o' bein' your son—honour I never chose m'self. An' now difference between paying you an' paying Mother is a thing I bain't able to see; only some'ow I fancies most to pay 'er."

UNWRITTEN LETTERS TO THE KAISER.

No. XXX.

(From the Tsar of BULGARIA.)

MOST HIGHLY VENERATED BROTHER,—I cannot refrain from writing to you, though it is highly probable that we shall soon meet in what has been described as the tented field. For that meeting I have made all the necessary preparations. Your life and your welfare are of such high importance to our Common Cause that I shall take care not to expose them to any foolhardy risks. I know that, like myself, you are panting to be in the very front line of the battle, wherever the danger is greatest. That, as I say, was my desire; but RADOSLAVOFF dissuaded me. "Sire," he said, "at this crisis in the affairs of Bulgaria we cannot afford to lose your wise counsel and your diplomatic ability even for a single hour. Think of the joy that would be spread amongst our foes if you were wounded. Moderate your ardour and remain where there is some slight prospect of immunity from the dastardly attacks of the Serbians and their Allies. At a distance of twenty kilometres from the Front you can always direct us without losing that calm which is essential. While our soldiers and officers do the rough business of fighting you can, at that distance, smile upon their efforts and reward their merits with your august approval. But above all things, I repeat, moderate the ardour which is natural to a soldier and a Tsar." That was his advice, and, though I must not altogether endorse the flattering terms in which it was conveyed, I was forced to recognise its wisdom and I have therefore adopted it.

What glorious days we are living in! If anyone had told me when I first accepted the Bulgarian throne that it would some day be possible for me to spring to the assistance of your Empire and that of our poor old friend, FRANCIS JOSEPH, I should have been frankly incredulous. I could not have believed that you, the son of the peace-loving Emperor, FREDERICK, and I, the grandson of LOUIS PHILIPPE, the Citizen King of the French, should ever be associated together in the greatest warlike undertaking that the world has ever known; that we should be within reach of a position from which we two together shall be able to dictate laws (or, shall we say, to impose lawlessness?) on the whole universe. Yet here we both are, lifted by time and our own efforts to the highest pinnacle of earthly success. He indeed spoke truly who declared that the Prussians were the Bulgarians of Europe outside the Balkans. You yourself will, I am certain, recognise the appropriateness and justice of this pithy declaration, now that Bulgarian valour has again been tested against Serbia, our hereditary foe.

There is only one matter in regard to which I take exception to your proceedings, and on this I will speak openly as a Tsar may properly speak to an Emperor. You have lately caused a woman to be shot in Belgium by a sentence of court-martial. It is true that she was an English nurse and that she had broken the German military law by aiding English and Belgian soldiers to save their lives by escaping from Belgium. Still, the fact remains that she was a woman, and that in the course of her merciful employment she tended the wounded of your nation as well as those of her own. I cannot help thinking that it would have been better and more expedient to spare her life. I do not want you to think that I am squeamish or that I shrink from ruthlessness when ruthlessness is necessary. My record in Bulgaria should relieve me from such an accusation. But even I am clearly convinced that it was wrong to have this woman killed. The deed has stiffened the resolution of our enemies, and has cast dis-

grace on our cause in neutral countries, where Germans are now denounced as butchers of women. This is disagreeable to me, for I wish to shine in public estimation for chivalry no less than for glory. I know I have merely to hint this to you in order to make sure that such an act, so harmful to our reputation, shall not occur again. In everything else I am your profound admirer,

FERDINAND.

GENTLER WAYS WITH THE PRESS.

IN the House of Commons, the other day, some questions were being asked about the police raid on the offices of *The Globe*, when the honourable Member for the Pacific (Sir WILLIAM BYLES) asked whether there was not some gentler way of dealing with erring newspapers.

We deplore the burst of laughter which greeted the question, because we are quite sure that several less drastic expedients might have been tried before the sudden intrusion of the police in force.

The gentle word has been known by some of our picturesque writers to break down the most stubborn resolve of even the hardened wrongdoer. To have its full effect it should be spoken by a sweet-faced white-haired old lady, or some frail and fair young thing with moist eyes. Surely somebody at Scotland Yard has a mother or a sister who could have entered *The Globe* office timidly and, placing her hand on the arm of the Editor or the foreman of the machine-room, or whoever it was, appealed to him affectionately to stop it. Or a fair-haired laddie of six summers might have done it if properly coached, without all that trampling of heavy police boots about the place. Surely the heads of the police have had brought to their notice the potency of the little innocent child in melting the heart—the curly-headed boy and the burglar, little Stephen and the wife-beater, being cases in point.

Then, again, birds or white mice might have been tried. Surely it would not have been beyond the powers of Scotland Yard to introduce a robin into *The Globe* offices. Ere now strong men have wept at the sight of the little red-chested fellow and have resolved thenceforth to lead better lives.

Art and poetry should have been brought to bear. Is there no policeman artist who would have lent his masterpiece, "Sunshine in the Home" or "Telling the Story to Mother," to be placed in the Editor's office for a while to exert its silent influence? And, if it was not convenient for a policeman-poet to turn out a few rhymes at the moment, the works of ELLA WHEELER WILCOX can easily be obtained at reasonable prices, and would have had some effect.

Or why was not persuasive eloquence tried? Among the special constables of the division in which *The Globe* offices are situated are numbers of able barristers. Why were not their services employed?

And there is music. The message of music reaches the heart even more swiftly than the spoken words of a barrister. Couldn't the police band have gone round to the office and played a few selections?

"Information now available indicates that M. Briand will become foreign minister as well as premier, with Jules Cambon, who was a Mr. Togery at the outbreak of the war, as his principal secretary."

Norfolk Ledger and Dispatch (U.S.A.).

The correspondent who sends us the cutting kindly explains it as follows:—"The cable as received, in describing M. CAMBON, said he was 'AMR TO GERY,' which is, of course, Reuter's abbreviation for 'Ambassador to Germany.' The local editor, however, apparently thinking that the passing by the Censor of such a phrase was too good to be true, gave us the thrilling version set out above."



A LITTLE



BAYONET



EXERCISE



KEEPS



ONE



Ed Sheppard

FIT.

AT THE FRONT.

OUR only consolation nowadays is to look with enjoyable contempt on troops who sometimes go into billets. For our part we hop round from one bit of line to another, making the parapets sit up and planting forests of wire.

The last Company Commander I took over from was more than commonly proud because he had heightened his parapet two feet to stop dropping bullets. We went to have a look at it, and then, unfortunately, just as I was saying, "By Jove!" or "The way you chaps work beats me," or something sympathetic and suitable, I went and sneezed—and the top two feet fell in. We never really settled whether the fault lay with my sneeze or his parapet. At all events we have now made the latter sneeze-proof.

One of those happy little touches that make war so awfully jolly came along a few days ago. We had a Corporal of another branch of the service attached to us. At least he knew he was attached, but we didn't. Taking advantage of this one-sided arrangement he invaded our mess kitchen at an early hour on the first morning of his attachment and conveyed therefrom sundry edibles and utensils, most notably a glorious brazier that is the object of our cook's pride and affection. When any especially large shells burst in his simmeringsoups—or as near as makes no matter—his

brow clouds for a moment only, and then he looks at his brazier, and the thought of it brings back the sunshine to his soul. Hence the loss of this trophy was no common bereavement. Our cuisine for twenty-four hours was damnable—we could have fed better in Soho. A search-party penetrated wherever it might and asked questions of the Corporal, who knew nothing about it. But he had counted without our cook's pertinacity. The search was renewed next day; the Corporal's dugout was entered in his absence and the brazier recaptured. The staff came to me clamouring for blood. I sent for the Corporal, who loudly protested his absolute innocence. I examined him, and just as I had extorted a complete confession a note arrived. It had originated in Corporal Blank, prisoner at the bar, and passed through Corporal Blank's officer, through the Brigade, through our Ad-

jutant. It consisted of a request that our servants should supply Corporal Blank, attached, with wood and coke on demand.

It is odd that your proper soldier, who should be a blunt man, hates calling a spade anything short of "shovels, g.s., 1." His mind takes pleasure in figures and rejoices in cryptic initials. Witness the attitude adopted by the military post-office to a letter addressed to the C.O. in terms of revolting clearness. The addresser, no doubt a civilian, had written on the envelope words such as these:—Lt.-Col. Thingumy, D.S.O. (that is not our C.O.'s real name, nor is the remaining address an infringement of censorial rights), 275th Infantry Brigade,

Of late we live in a marsh handed over by a sister division as a trench area. On our occupation the rain began its winter session, and we ran up against a simple little bit of arithmetic; "If two inches of rain per diem brings down one quarter of a company's parapet, and one company, working about twenty-six hours per diem, canrevet one-eighth of a company's parapet, how long will your trenches last—given the additional premises that no revetments to speak of are to be had, and that two inches of rain is only a minimum ration?"

We have indented for a fleet; and even a few auxiliary cruisers and some packets of torpedoes would be better than nothing, which is what we have got so far. We are buoyed up—and we need it—by the reflection that the Huns must be even worse off, as they are not in a position to mobilize their canal garrison, or spare any that remain of the U class.

Functus Officio.

"Mr. Grime withdraws from the Cleansing Committee."
Manchester Guardian.

"There is confusion in the minds of proprietors of *Delikatessen* shops as to when cold meat may be cold."—*Morning Paper.*

The question leaves us in the same condition as the meat.

"CHAUFFEUR Wanted, over military age, for Tooting."
East Grinstead Observer.

It sounds an easy job.



MISS KENSINGTON GORE AS SHE WAS

—AND IS.

91st Division, 14th Army Corps, Sixth Army, British Expeditionary Force.

As this was written without any abbreviations, the military postmen were naturally very much upset. For days they kept the letter and pondered over it. They sent for consulting postmen from London, an X-ray apparatus from Paris, and four leading detectives from Scotland Yard. The conclusions thus arrived at were handed over to the intelligence branch at G.H.Q.'s, who had KITCHENER over for the week-end. Finally they faced the envelope fairly and squarely, and some leading man among them erased the original address and substituted: "Try 275 I. B." It only remains to tell that this wild shot in the dark succeeded, and the envelope, now treasured by the C.O., records the monumental sleuthiness of our soldier postmen in the most discouraging circumstances.

* * * * *

"Paris, 2 novembre (contrôlé). Le journal 'Les Dernières Nouvelles de Munich' dit que l'ordre a été donné aux sous-marins allemands de tenter le blocus des porcs grecs."—*Le Télégramme.*

To make up for the shortage of German sausages.

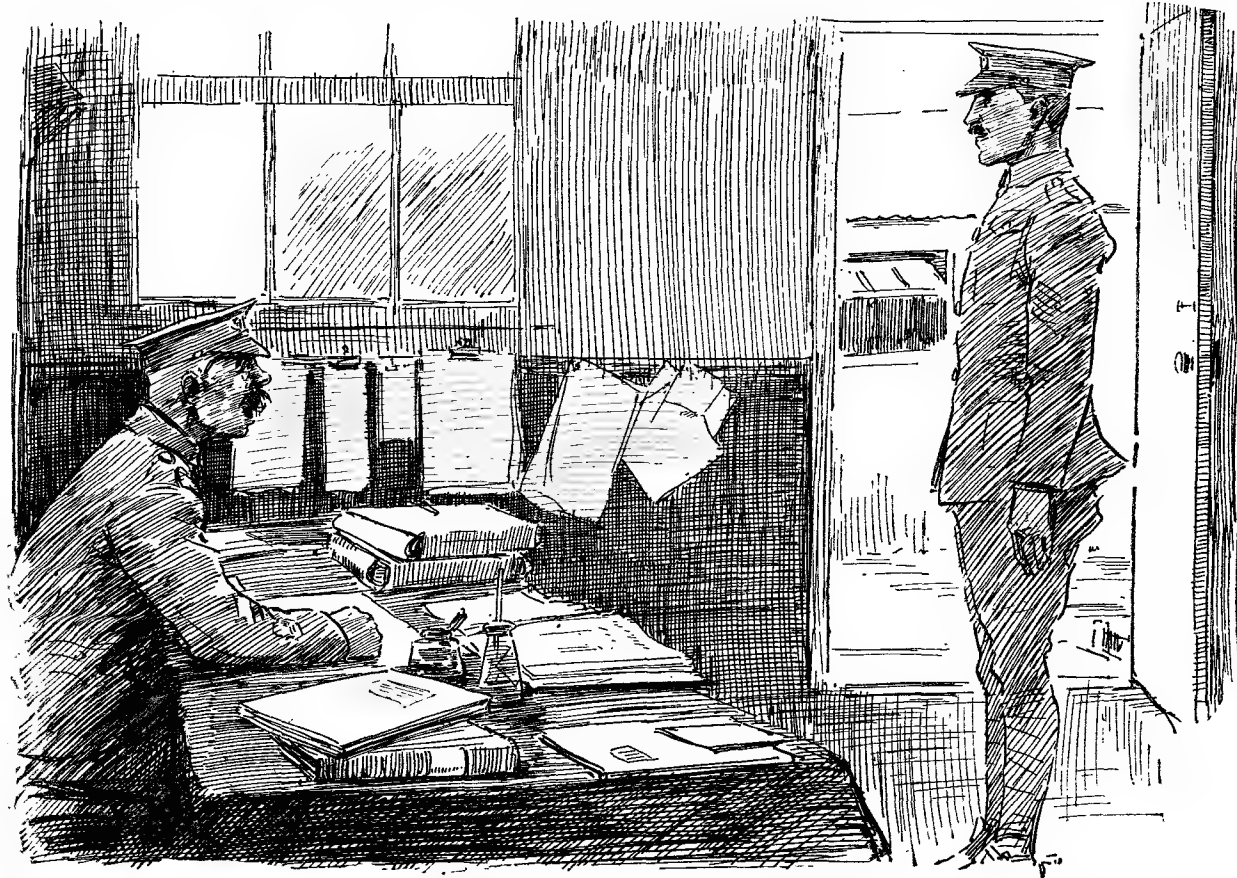
"There may have been another reason for the lack of that buoyancy which we usually associate with the Premier on a 'pig occasion' like this."—*The Aberdeen Daily Journal.* Perhaps he felt that Mr. HOGGE would have done more justice to it.

"Every one should keep cheerful: any old frog can croak. . . ."

"Anniversary Week will begin with the Sermon, which will be preached by the Rev. ———, of Birmingham, on Thursday, April 13th, and will last until Thursday, April 20th, inclusive."

Congregational Magazine.

Perhaps we ought to say that these two items, though appearing on the same page, have absolutely no connection with one another.



Squadron Sergeant-Major (who has been told to ascertain the qualifications of an applicant for a commission). "WHAT KIND OF AN EDUCATION 'AVE YOU 'AD?"

Sergeant-Major. "WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY 'PRETTY GOOD'?"

Applicant. "PRETTY GOOD."

Sergeant-Major. "B.A.! NEVER 'EARD OF IT. WHAT STANDARD 'AVE YOU PASSED?"

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OF course you have not forgotten *Dick*, that wholly delightful study of school-boyhood by Mr. G. F. BRADBY. You will therefore be glad to hear that his author has now written more about him. Beware, however, of leaping to either of two conclusions, both wrong—first, that the new volume will be as amusing as its predecessor; secondly, that it will try to be so, and fail. One knows the old tag about sequels. In my own opinion the present *Dick* is not only entirely worthy of the earlier, but marks by far the highest level that Mr. BRADBY has yet reached. Its title is *For This I Had Borne Him* (SMITH, ELDER), and the opening date is July 22, 1914. You see now that this will be *Dick* with a difference, the great difference indeed that has fallen upon us all. It is exactly here that the very delicate art of the book is shown. It realizes, more poignantly than anything else I have read, the atmosphere of those terrible August days when the world was crumbling to pieces amid the pleasant preoccupations of holiday time. At first nothing seems changed. They are all back at Thresham for a lazy summer on the Broads: the diarist, his charming practical wife, *Dick*, grown to nineteen now with the delights of Oxford ahead, *Betty* the maid, old *Grapes*, and some equally pleasant new characters. Then comes the crisis, and at once there enters that strange feeling of unreality that we all remember—a breathless hush in which, though laughter and the happy trivialities still persist, they

sound, as they did then, like the voices of birds in the silence when a great thunderstorm is creeping swiftly up the sky. So the comedy of *Dick* reaches the end that the title will have foretold you. In spite of it I hoped against hope that Mr. BRADBY might spare us the final sacrifice. But its treatment, when it comes, raises the story to a fine level of dignity and courage. It is not too much to think that this little book will live long as a witness to the spirit of England in her dark hour.

If there exist a more artificial story than *The Immortal Gymnasts* (HEINEMANN), by MARIE CHER, I have not read it, nor do I think that I want to. Something of the author's fitness to tackle life and of her peculiar psychology will be conveyed by the statement that the two real heroes of the book—one good and faithful, and the other not so good, with a roving eye—are named *Varian* and *Ambry*. Their Christian names, if you please. *Ambry*, having trifled with little *Anie*, forsakes her for her more dashing sister *Estelle*, and by degrees *Varian*, who is a budding art critic and only less beautiful to look at than *Ambry*, having placed *Anie* with his mother (whose Christian name is *Gita*), to have her heart mended, takes *Ambry's* place in that organ. There is no more story than that, but it is eked out by the parallel romance of *Quin* and *Bina* in the abode of *Bina's* father *Panta*, who keeps a pet of a milk-shop in a London street. Have you guessed who they are? *Quin* is Harlequin, *Bina* Columbine, and *Panta* Pantaloon, now in retirement, but busy with mere mortals' love troubles! It is all

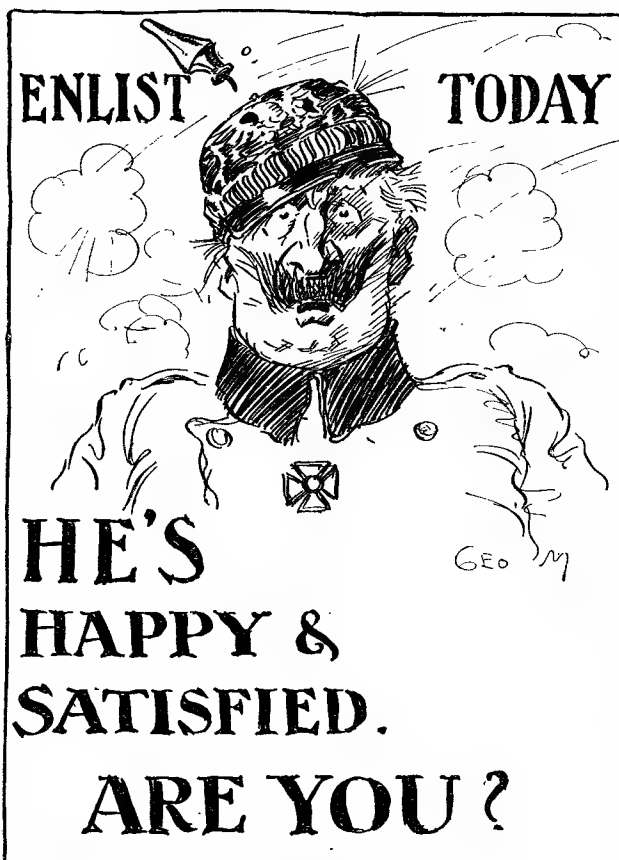
like a phantasmagoric dream after seeing SCHUMANN'S *Carnival* given by the Russian ballet, reading metaphysics, and eating lobster and cucumber salad. There is clever writing in the book, but it is wasted.

Anthony Sorel, the juvenile lead of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON'S latest novel, *The Passionate Crime* (CHAPMAN AND HALL)—I call him that because in his dedication Mr. THURSTON distinctly threatens a dramatization of the story—was a wild, romantic poet who lived all alone on the Irish hills, and in at least one of his poems made "dawn" rhyme with "morn." It was not for this, however, that he was sentenced to death and hanged, though I have no doubt that it carried a good deal of weight with the jury, but because he murdered *Anna Quartermaine*. She was a great lady living in the neighbourhood, and she visited him in his hut one night disguised as a peasant-girl. He mistook her for a fairy, and when he discovered—appropriately enough in what he would call the dorn—that she was not he stabbed her with the bread-knife. If this seems a flippant summing-up of what thousands of men and women (but principally women) are sure to consider a "beautiful" story I can only say in self-defence that genuine beauty in a story has never yet made me feel flippant. It may be that the monotony of the first part of the book prejudiced me against the second, where the story really begins. I resented the persistent intrusion of Mr. THURSTON in the capacity of showman. The first hundred-and-ten pages deal exclusively with the difficulty which Mr. THURSTON had in extracting the facts in the case from a series of uncommunicative peasants, and might have been condensed into a preface, reading, "I had the deuce of a job getting this story out of the fellows who had first-hand information." I am perfectly well aware that these hundred-and-ten pages establish atmosphere, but to my mind they are as great an offence to a novel-reader as an hour's lecture on the manners and customs of the Irish peasantry, delivered by Mr. THURSTON in front of the curtain before the first Act, would be to the audience which assembles to see *The Passionate Crime* when it is produced as a play.

After reading *Old Delabole* (HEINEMANN) my conscience compels me to apologise to Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS for having once asked him to give the West Country a rest. Here, it is true, he has left Devonshire, but only to make a small jump, which has landed him most happily upon his feet, to the other side of the Tamar. It was, I think, a fair criticism to pass upon some of Mr. PHILLPOTTS' later work that the by-play was apt to overbalance or, at any rate, to interfere with, the main story. His natives, if

always amusing, were also too voluble. But this would not be a fair criticism to make of his romance of the Cornish slate-quarries. From beginning to end the interest is concentrated upon two points: first, the slate-quarry itself, which throbs with life as vividly as any human being, and, secondly, upon the love-story of two fine men for one woman. To the last moment the doubt as to which of these men is to marry *Edith Re'allask* is kept up, and legitimately kept up; but unfortunately this long suspense gives us time to discover that she was not quite worthy of either of them. *Old Delabole*, both in grasp of plot and manner of telling, is Mr. PHILLPOTTS at his best; but all the same I must pick one little bone with him. Long experience of Cornwall has convinced me that it would be impossible for any young man, however secretive, to "walk out" with any young woman, however artful, for a few days—let alone weeks—without every other soul in the village knowing all about it.

Perhaps you are already familiar with the name of Miss CAROLYN WELLS—if you are an American you certainly know her, and know that, besides being the author of various popular stories about murders and detectives, she is that much rarer thing, a student and anthologist of humour, with moreover a very flattering regard for the English variety. Naturally, therefore, one approaches her latest story, *The White Alley* (LIPPINCOTT), in a spirit of comradeship. It concerns a further adventure of Miss WELLS' pet creation, the detective *Fleming Stone*, one of those super-detectors who are so pleasant to read about but would be so exasperating to employ in real life. The problem of the tale is ingenious enough. The owner of an estate, so carefully encompassed by watchmen and elec-



WITH APOLOGIES TO THE WAR OFFICE POSTER.

tric alarms that no one could enter or leave it unobserved, suddenly vanishes. Perhaps you think that *The White Alley* will prove to be some secret subway to the house of mystery. Far from it. The *Alley* in question is a kind of marble such as is played with by boys, and a specimen of it is found in a disused cellar close to the corpse of the murdered protagonist. Puzzle, to make the marble explain the corpse. Having paid my tribute to the ingenuity of the task and its solution, I wish I could add that the style in which the book is written is worthy of my regard for its author's nice discrimination in other matters. But the fact is that these murder-mysteries are levellers of style; with their formula of clues and inquests and examinations they tend so much to common form that there is scarce a writer who can endow them with distinction. This consideration apart, *The White Alley* remains an excellent example of its kind, from whose bewilderingments, if you like these mysteries, you may derive a very pleasant and expectant afternoon.

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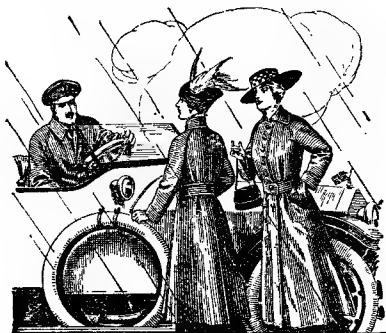
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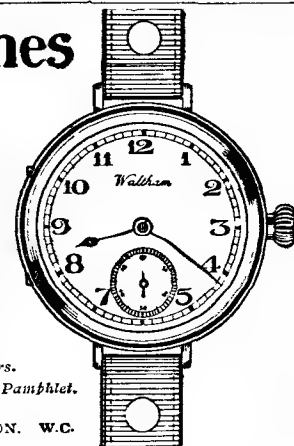
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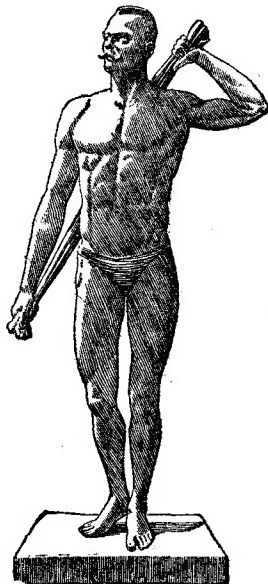
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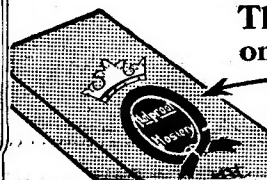
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